

Dr. Cass' Castoria

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HOW TO CALL TIMES-DISPATCH.

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Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.
—Bacon.

The First Great Ironclad.

Talk about your English Dreadnaught and her American counterpart proposed, but the most interesting ironclad ever built was the famous Confederate ram Virginia. She was built on the ruins of the United States frigate Merrimack, a 40-gun screw frigate which was built in 1855, but when the Portsmouth navy yard was abandoned by the Federal government on April 19, 1861, she, with other ships there, was sunk. The hull was raised by the Confederates and cut down to the berth-deck. On the midship section a casemate of lumber 170 feet long was built. This was protected by rolled iron plates two inches thick and eight inches wide, running horizontally, and outside of this were laid similar iron plates running vertically, the bolting rivets being secured on the inside. The shot-proof casemate was sheathed with a grating of twenty feet wide and a hundred and sixty feet long. When completed the vessel looked more like a floating barn with a slanting roof than an ironclad ship of war. And the iron roof was coated with tallow, the result being, as was afterwards shown, that solid shot from the enemy's guns were turned away like water poured upon a duck's back, and with as little damage. In front of the smoke-stack was the pilot house, with the same armor as the sides; and fastened to the prow was an iron ram reaching beyond the cut-water.

Such is a crude description of the Virginia as she steamed down the Elizabeth River on March 8, 1862, under command of Captain Franklin Buchanan. She was escorted to Sewell's Point—where the Jamestown Exposition is to be held—by a number of steamers, and pointed her nose toward Newport News, where lay the United States frigate Congress, and the sloop of war Cumberland. Lower down in Hampton Roads were the sailing frigate Roanoke and Minnesota—all unconscious of the impending danger. When the Virginia was within a hundred yards of the Cumberland and Congress they both opened fire with all available guns, but the heavy shot fell upon the iron sides of the Virginia like so many paper wads, and she went at her work of destruction with the deliberation of a boa constrictor which has already coiled itself around its captured prey. She rammed the Cumberland and sank her; then turning her attention to the Congress, she tore little time in putting her out of commission. The other vessels took to their heels and the Minnesota ran aground.

It was now dark and the Virginia headed for Sewell's Point. She anchored for the night, expecting to return to her work in the morning, destroy everything afloat carrying the Stars and Stripes, and then go to Washington.

The appearance of the ironclad Monitor in the nick of time interrupted the programme, but it was a glorious victory; and the Virginia, although her life was short, was in her birthday the greatest ship of war the world had ever seen, and every part of her noble frame preserved is a precious relic.

The Times-Dispatch is in possession of a fragment of her iron sides and proposes to have it converted into two crosses of honor. One of these crosses will be given to the oldest and the other to the youngest Confederate now living in Virginia, who enlisted under the Virginia flag. Who are they? Let us have the record.

The South's Progress.

According to reports received by the Tradesman, of Chattanooga, industrial progress in the South is unaffected by the usual midsummer dullness. New enterprises, with capital stock running, in some cases, as high as \$1,500,000, are being incorporated in different sections.

Naturally, we expect glowing reports from the newspapers of the South concerning Southern progress. But, when the papers of the North make Southern progress a matter of editorial comment, the articles have a richer significance. The Wall Street Summary of July 27th contains a leading editorial article on "Our New South," in which it states that, according to the latest report of the State Controller of Georgia, property in that State last year shows an increase of \$20,000,000, or 10 per cent, more than a year ago, in valuation.

Our Wall Street contemporary quotes freely from an article written by Mr. R. H. Edmunds, editor of the Manufacturers' Record. Mr. Edmunds had said that "the Alabama iron and steel interests long ago passed the experimental stage, and, with Birmingham rails selling at one dollar a ton higher, based on quality alone, than the rails of the United States Steel Corporation this section should be getting ready to fulfill the prediction made to me a year or

two before his death by Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, that "within twenty-five years Alabama will dominate the basic steel industry of the world."

This is reproduced by the Wall Street Summary, and it adds:
"Mr. Edmunds pointed out that in Virginia and West Virginia, coal lands were selling at \$75 and \$100 an acre, and in some cases as high as \$150! From this he argued, and with cause, that the South may reasonably expect to see her coal lands in a few years as valuable as Pennsylvania, where \$250 an acre is reasonable, and prices have been known to soar to \$1,000 and \$1,500 an acre. In railroad construction the development of coal lands has been a decided force. The Elkhorh coke field, he says, has moved the Chesapeake and Ohio to construct an 80-mile railroad, at a cost of over \$4,000,000, and the output of this region is soon expected to reach 6,000 tons a day. To connect with the Seaboard A. L. Line, another road is being built at a cost of \$2,000,000, approximately, and when completed will reach the Atlantic, and also the central cotton-mill regions of the Carolinas. In addition, the Deep-water-Tide-water Company is constructing a line between 400 and 600 miles in length, from a point near Charleston, S. C., at an approximate cost of \$50,000,000. When finished the terminal facilities of this road for handling coal are expected to surpass anything similar in operation."

The Wall Street paper not only reproduces these statements, but declares that it heartily concurs. All this is said in no spirit of honey-fugling, but in recognition of the South's resources and abilities. The South has already become a powerful factor in the commercial world. For that reason alone it must soon become a powerful factor in the political world.

The Pay of Teachers.

The Massachusetts Labor Bureau has recently gathered interesting statistics on the earnings, expenditures and savings of the professional and commercial classes in that State.

The following are figures for the professional and commercial classes:

	Average Income.	Average Expenditure.	Average Savings.
Lawyers and brokers	\$12,726	\$13,333	\$1,333
Physicians	4,120	2,833	1,477
Wholesale dealers	4,120	2,833	1,477
Physicians	3,907	3,190	717
Teachers	2,320	2,320	0
Manufacturers	5,610	1,974	1,532
Railroad officials	3,441	2,912	629
Commission merchants	3,334	2,927	607
Superintendents of manufacturing companies	3,262	2,833	729
Clergymen	2,833	2,833	0
Professors and tutors	2,833	2,833	0
Steamboat officials	2,320	1,926	603
Retail dealers	2,340	1,926	414
Export officials	1,904	1,947	259
Farmers	1,420	1,172	248

According to these tables, the teachers of Massachusetts are as well paid as persons in any other profession, when it is considered that they are occupied only nine months in the year. There must be some mistake. It can hardly be that teachers in general earn \$3,262 a year when professors and tutors earn only \$2,833. Much has been said of late about the poor pay of teachers, but it appears from this table that the teachers of Massachusetts receive more than the average compensation of men engaged in professional work. It is to be presumed, however, that these figures refer to professors in colleges, private tutors and the like, and not to teachers in the public schools. But all teachers would earn considerably more than they do if they could be employed all the year round, and that is one of the problems of the public school system. Teachers in the public school of Richmond are employed a part of five days in the week during nine months of the year. Most of them would be only too glad to find employment during the vacation period, if they could do so many would get along comfortably. But when a man of family is forced to take three months' vacation during the year and receive no compensation whatsoever during that period, it is very hard for him to live within his income.

Who Wrote "Sir John Moore?"

In the current issue of the Critic, Mr. Henry N. Hall raises an interesting question regarding one of the best-known poems in the English language. Every schoolboy knows "The Burial of Sir John Moore," but a great many of them experience a difficulty in remembering its author. The reason of this is perfectly plain. The Rev. Charles Wolfe never wrote anything else that anybody ever cared to read. He is, or has been, regarded as, essentially a one-verse poet. Now comes along Mr. Hall, and knocks away Wolfe's one prop to eminence by declaring that he did not write even "Sir John Moore." That poem, it is declared, is a remarkably faithful translation from the works of the Marquis de Lally-Tollendal, a French officer and litterateur, who led an unsuccessful expedition against the English in India in 1749. With him on this occasion was a Colonel de Beaumanoir, who was killed, and Lally-Tollendal hymned his funeral in a poem, of which the first four verses follow:

Ni le son du tambour, . . . ni la marche
Ni le feu des soldats . . . ne marqua
son départ.
Mais du brave, a la hâte, a travers les
ténèbres
Mornes . . . nous portames le cadavre
au rempart!
De minuit c'était l'heure, et solitaire et
sombre—
La lune a peine offrait un faible rayon;
La lanterne luisait péniblement dans
l'ombre,
Quand de la balonnelle on creusa le
gazon.

D'inutile cercueil ni de drap funéraire
Nous ne daignames point entourer le
héros;
Il était dans les pils du manteau militaire
Comme un guerrier qui dort son heure
de repos.

La prière qu'on fit fut de courte durée;
Nul ne parla de deuil, bien que le cœur
fut plein!
Mals on s'écrit du mort la figure
adonec . . .
Et avec anémisme on songeait au de-
main.

It is only necessary to compare these with the opening verses of Wolfe's poem to be impressed by their striking similarity.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

O'er the grave where our hero we buried,
We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound
him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of
the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

Charles Wolfe was not born until 1791. It is impossible, therefore, that Lally-Tollendal should have translated him. Mr. Hall reaches the natural conclusion that the poet is accordingly on the other leg, and that the Englishman has plagiarized the Frenchman.

Learned writers have been wrestling with the subject in the columns of the Evening Post, however, and more light seems to be trickling through. One of them says that the same question was raised in 1837 by Francis Mahony ("Father Prout") and answered with similar unfavorableness to the Rev. Wolfe. Another correspondent, however, takes quite a different stand. He strongly implies, in fact, that the French poem is a translation from Wolfe's original, done by none other than Father Prout, with a view to turning a little joke on the one-poem parson.

The consensus of the evidence seeming to support this contention, it is known that Father Prout translated "The Last Rose of Summer" into Greek and Latin, and then made a humorous attack on Moore for borrowing from the ancients "without scruple or acknowledgment." In his own day these hoaxes were thoroughly understood and no one was taken in by them. A later correspondent of the New York Evening Post points out that in 1841 a letter was discovered from Wolfe containing the lines in his own handwriting and implying his own authorship. No doubt, therefore, the charge of plagiarism is without any real foundation. The Times-Dispatch trusts that this is so. Childish illusions are not shattered without considerable pain all round.

The School Fund.

The Rockbridge County News has called the attention of its readers to the fact that that county receives from the general State fund for public school purposes more money than it pays in State taxes for public school purposes. Its original statement was that the county, paid into the treasurer's office in Richmond \$4,621.32 and received \$10,000 on the school account.

A correspondent of the News now tells the editor that this statement does the county an injustice, as the News failed to take into account the capitation tax and the railroad tax. But the news shows that, even granting these allowances, the balance is still in favor of the county. It says that the amount paid in on the capitation tax account was \$3,162, and that the State tax for schools on railroad property in Rockbridge county is \$1,046.90, making the tax on real and personal property, railroads and capitation yield the State fund \$3,749.43 against \$10,113.41 received.

We have long known that many of the counties in the State receive from the State more money for school purposes than they pay into the fund, while the richer counties and nearly, if not all, the cities pay in more than they draw out. We had not supposed, however, that the rich county of Rockbridge was one of the delinquents.

The Fight in Iowa.

A review of the political situation in Iowa was recently printed in these columns. It was pointed out that there were two strong factions in the Republican party, one headed by Governor Cummins, the tariff reformer, and the other by Mr. Perkins, the stand-patter. The convention will meet on Wednesday to nominate a candidate for Governor, and a lively fight is predicted. Each side will enter into a fierce struggle to capture the organization, and it is said that if the Cummins faction wins by methods proposed, there will be a bolt and Perkins will run as an Independent. In that event the Democrats would have a good chance to elect their candidate. The anti-Cummins people say that Cummins' domination now means that the next Republican delegation from Iowa will be Populist, not Republican; the Cummins people say that if Cummins loses now, the next national delegation will be anti-Roosevelt, pro-corporation, and reactionary.

Iowa will be an interesting field for observation in the coming campaign.

What is the Eight-Hour Day?

What does President Roosevelt's eight-hour order mean, and how far does it go?

By the terms of the law of 1892 "the service and employment of all laborers and mechanics who are now or who may hereafter be employed by the government of the United States, by the District of Columbia, or any contractor or sub-contractor upon any of the public works," etc., shall be "limited and restricted" to eight hours per day, a penalty being provided for infraction of the law.

But what are public works?
The Boston Advertiser is authorative for the statement that except on structural work on government property, such as the construction of a Federal building, the law cannot be applied generally to contractors. On the construction of a battleship in the yards of a contractor, for example, the eight-hour law does not apply. Nor would it apply to the construction of a floating dry dock to be delivered to the government, later, on approval. Whatever might be the wish of the President, the court rulings on such cases are so abundant as to leave the administration no power to rule otherwise. The precedents make it plain that no court would uphold the attempt to enforce the eight-hour law on the contractors.

Similarly on contracts for gloves, shoes, clothing, supplies, made outside by con-

tractors in their own factories, the eight-hour law cannot be enforced. The law in the main applies to the government work, or work on government property. To Mr. Gompers doubtless the time has come to wish for many things, but even Mr. Roosevelt will, we think, hesitate before declaring that "shoes and ships and sealing wax" are necessarily government works. A judicial interpretation is in order.

There Are Others.

Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
The Times-Dispatch has the honor to acknowledge the following esteemed communication:

Headquarters Bryan Reception, under Auspices Commercial Travelers' Anti-Trust League, Room 100, Hotel Virginia, Broadway and Twenty-seventh Street, New York:
Editor of The Times-Dispatch, Richmond, Va.:
Sir—I have the honor to inform you that at a meeting of the Plan and Scope Committee to arrange for a reception to the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, you were appointed a member of the Committee of Reception, of which Governor Folk, of Missouri, is the chairman.

Very truly yours,
LEWIS NIXON,
Chairman Plan and Scope Committee.

The attention of the esteemed Virginia-Pilot is called to the fact that the Corporation Commission regards itself as a court, and feels that it is fully competent to pass upon the constitutionality of an act of the Legislature—Times-Dispatch.

Yes; and the frog in the fable inflated himself in the effort to be as big as the bull, with the result that he "busted."—Virginia-Pilot.
Yet the Lynchburg News hands the commission a hot one for ducking, dodging and side-stepping, in failing to say whether or not any act which the Legislature might pass in the direction of rate-making is constitutional. The doctors are very far apart.

H. M. Edward and wife will probably come to this country ere long, in order to return the recent calls of their valued friends, W. J. Bryan and wife and Alice Longworth and husband.

The Clarksville Star has just celebrated its first birthday anniversary, and enters upon its second year with bright prospects. The Times-Dispatch offers congratulations.

One of the most interesting things about the Rockefeller family is that they are usually doing something on the incognito plan.

We confess to a doubt, nevertheless, as to whether the three Mrs. Abd-el Kabers are on sufficiently friendly terms to share their gum Arabic together.

Mr. Abd-el Kabers sees no reason why he should be gorked, however, plurality being a regular feature of the Arabian Knights' Entertainment.

The attention of the Simplified Spelling Board is respectfully called to the interesting case of Yekatorinoslav.

M. Trepoff may have as many lives as a cat, but at this rate the newspaper man will soon have taken them all.

There was a heavy landslide in New York State on Sunday. No, no; not that kind at all, Mr. Bryan.

The Associated Press is hereby requested to break its current habit of killing General Treppoff every afternoon.

There's something revolting about the old town of Poltava to-night. The Sovski regiment.

Well, at least these are thoroughbred dog-days.

Despite the heavy water fall lately, the Panama Canal is not reported rising.

But the James is muddling again.

St. Swithin reigns.

The Queensbury Case.
Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir—With reference to the part taken by Mrs. W. W. Royall in the Queensbury preliminary hearing, I beg to permit me to say that with the direct charge of murder against Queensbury who had nothing to do, nor was it on her information that the warrant was issued, nor did she know of it except by hearsay until summoned. In the attempt to prove murder, his unkind treatment of his wife was necessarily involved, and of this Mrs. Royall's knowledge was sufficiently direct to warrant a summons to testify. In dismissing the case, Justice Walker simply dismissed the charge of murder. The case of cruelty was not passed upon.

Why Mrs. Royall, among so many witnesses, was singled out for annihilation it is impossible to say, but might be easy to guess.

W. W. ROYALL,
Forest Depot, Va., July 30, 1906.

The Yellow Press.

Hollo Ogden, editor of the New York Evening Post, has an illuminating and brilliant article on "Journalism" in the current Atlantic, from which the following extract is taken:

"I would urge no exculpation for the editor who exploits or scatters filth, and infects the community with moral poison. The original responsibility is his, and it is a fearful one. But it is not solely his. The basest and most demoralizing journal that lives, lives by public approval or tolerance. Its readers and advertisers have its life in their hands. At a word from them it would either reform or die. . . . Why should they (the advertisers) and mere readers, too, not exercise their implied rights to protest against vulgarity, the exaggeration of the trivial, hysteria, indecency, immorality, in the newspaper they are asked to buy or to patronize? To a reader or advertiser who says to himself: 'You excuse yourself by alleging that you simply give what the public demands; but we say, that your assertion is an insult to us and an outrage on the public. You say that nobody protests against your course; well, we are here to protest. . . . The reform is a free press in a free people can be brought about only by some such reaction of the medium upon the instrument. Legislation direct would be powerless.'"

The Last Phase.
They thought to humble her, "knows very well how old you are,"

But the woman did not wince. On the contrary, she tossed her head and said: "I know very well, but I was not crushed by it."

"They know very well, but I was not crushed by it."

"They know very well, but I was not crushed by it."

"They know very well, but I was not crushed by it."

"They know very well, but I was not crushed by it."

"They know very well, but I was not crushed by it."

Rhymes for To-Day

Elegy on a Dying Glory.

"Alfred Austin is no longer the worst poet in England."

If he's dead to all poetries such as nobler poets and
If he's slipping down the ladder rung by rung,
Why, the very worst of this is—that he doesn't give a hang,
'Cause he made a reputation very young.

What's the matter, Mr. Kipling?
Have you maybe started tripping—
Say, tripping or haunching on the sly?
Otherwise, why the divel
Do you perpetrate such drive?
As has seldom met the writer's dark blue eye?

What's become of all the talent that once flowered like the rose?
How we greeted it with wonder and with joy!

What's become of "Fussy Wussy,"
"Gunga Din" and all of those
Which you gave us when a "marvelous" boy?

Has the write-hog lost its cunning, has the scepter passed away?
Or do verse and propaganda fall to mix?

Don't you know we liked you better ere that most unhappy day
When your muse began to sing for politics?

What's the matter, Mr. Kipling?
Don't you see the waters tripping
To the oarsmen—who are leaving you behind?

If your muse is contumelious
(As she may be) and rebellious,
Won't you kindly spank the wench and make her mind?

—H. S. H.

Merely Joking.

Cause of the Trouble.—"What's making all this delay in the (sub rare)" impatiently asked the official starter. "They have discovered," explained the official scorer, "that one of the contestants is the son of a washerwoman, and they're trying to have him ruled out as a professional."—(Chicago Tribune.)

Tempora Mutantur.—"There is no such eloquence as we used to have," commented the legislator. "No," answered Mr. Dueth Stux. "A time has arrived when a man is expected to back his opinions with his pocketbook. People are more guarded in their expressions."—(Washington Star.)

Plenty of Room.—Fisherman (beginner): "Don't you think, Peter, I've improved a good deal since I began?" Peter (anxious to put a compliment): "You have, sorr. But sure it was easy for you to improve, sorr!"—Punch.

Not Severe Enough.—"Really—or I'm afraid you overheard what I—er—said about you," stammered the gossip, who had been caught red-handed. "Perhaps I—er—was a bit too severe." "Oh, no," replied the other woman, "you weren't nearly as severe as you would have been if you knew what I think of you."—(Philadelphia Press.)

Horrid!—"I early became wedded to art," boasted the prima donna, who had just done a sample warble for the hard-hearted manager. "Yes? And how long, pray, have you been a widow?"—(Judge.)

A Life Saver.
As everyone knows, it's a very old saw that a man who is drowning will clutch at a straw.

And a thirsty man, too, does the same when he has two lips.
These days, meet the straw that's inserted in juleps.
—(Cleveland Leader.)

VISITED NORMAL SCHOOL.

Superintendent of Public Instruction Reports Progress.

Superintendent of Public Instructions J. D. Eggleston returned yesterday from a tour of the State normal schools. While away Mr. Eggleston visited Norfolk, Hampton, Winchester, Covington, Emory and Big Stone Gap. He was unable to visit Martinsville and Frederickburg on account of a railroad wreck, and the subsequent long delay in making the desired connection.

The superintendent reports all the normal schools to be in flourishing condition, and as doing very satisfactory work. He will leave for Charlottesville this morning.

STREET COMMITTEE.

This Body Has Brief Session for Routine Work.

The Street Committee held its monthly meeting yesterday afternoon beginning at 5 o'clock.
A considerable batch of routine business was disposed of and several new matters came up. But the committee laid the matter of these on the table for consideration at a future date.

The Street Committee, like all the other committees, and like the Council itself, is showing a disposition to let all unfinished or new business go over in an unfinished state to the new Council and the new committees.

On any kind of a protest motions were made and carried to postpone matters, and as a result the Street Committee did very little business yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Bristow to Be a Candidate.

Mr. R. S. Bristow, postmaster at Albemarle, is being prominently mentioned as a possible Republican candidate for Congress against the incumbent, Mr. William A. Jones.

Mr. Bristow is a brother of the late Mr. J. A. Bristow, who was a member of the Constitutional Convention, and is well known in this city.

DO YOU REALIZE

the great risk you are taking in allowing the stomach to become weak and the bowels constipated? Serious sickness is always sure to follow. Be wise in time and commence taking

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

This little hint will save you much unnecessary suffering, for it corrects all Stomach, Liver and Bowel ills promptly, and thus cures Poor Appetite, Dyspepsia, Bilelessness, Constipation, Indigestion, Cramps, Diarrhoea or Malaria. Try it!

CASTORIA

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What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer

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The Virginia Experiment Station has recently published